UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Reconstruction

The ninth annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction was conducted by the Peace Heroes Memorial Society, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 30 last. The graves decorated were those of a policeman, a fireman, a railroader, and a factory worker who lost their lives in the discharge of their duties, and of a woman who died in childbirth. The following program was carried out:

Invocation—Rev. Louis G. Hoeck, of the Church of the New Jerusalem.

Reading from "Chants Communals" of Horace Traubel, by Dr. Sheldon H. Blank, of the Hebrew Union College.

Oration by Professor Lendell Charles Ridley of Wilberforce University.

Unsung Heroes

Friends, Fellow Countrymen, out of the centuries untold generations look down upon us today as we gather upon this sacred spot to make an all too infrequent kind of history. Out of the misty vistas of the ever bedimming past they encompass our assembly in mute joy over the foundations that we here lay, upon which to build a race that will no longer thrill at the sound of war drums, the tramping of the feet of legions, and the call of the trumpets of conflict, but will find in the pursuits of peace opportunity for an expression of all of the passions of glory, romance, love and any other ennobling emotion of which the human heart may be capable. Somehow one might feign hearing them say, "Too long has the human race dwelt in the shadow of the god of war; too long have men put their strength in the weapons of bloody carnage, while the muses slept, the goddess of peace sorrowed, and the world's countless battle fields drank the gore of the best blood of the nations."

Indeed, too long have we deified the spirit of combat. In the nature of the struggle for existence it follows that men will disagree, but the shedding of blood should be reverently avoided wherever the reason of man can be made to serve as well. And our faith in the Christian Ideal must constrain us to believe that no problem of war is possible in the experiences of men that could not be amicably settled through friendly and peaceful negotiations. But through unnumbered years the inner selves of men have either been blinded to this truth, or wilfully moved to the dethronement of reason. The consequences have been terrible; too terrible to even relive in the imagination. We must even shrink from speaking in a subdued voice of the ten million dead, the ten million widowed and orphaned, and of the awful hidden human toll of our own great war. As has been true of all wars this loss was a price, a stupendous price exacted from the human race for its ignorance, its inability to control its bestial emo-

(*Continued on Page* 256)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1931 NUMBER 16

SHINING COURAGE

(For Tom Mooney)

Your spirit is a banner that unrolls
Before the eyes of hungry, beaten ones,
Your faith a tonic to reflame the souls
Of those who slave like dull automatons.
You press an ominous treadmill through a maze.
For you the loneliness, the bitter sighs,
For us your shining words of truth that blaze
Like stars from luminous rafters of the skies.

We who would make our lives like gallant sparks
Must dwindle into futile pricks of light,
But you transcend the burden void of darks—
Your life a brave epitome of right.
And though they thwart and crush, the lords of plunder,
They cannot drive your shining courage under!

LUCIA TRENT.

A new drive is on to prove that everything is all right in the business world. President Hoover, as though his prophecies of good times had not long since become ridiculous, has announced that a careful survey of the situation reveals many favorable signs. Charles M. Schwab, unfailing optimist, sees nothing but prosperity on the way. Thomas M. Lamont declares that everything is fine, or will be soon. All of which gives us a feeling of nausea in the region of the stomach! For the facts are that the expected, or hoped for, business revival in the spring did not appear, the usual summer trade is non-existent, the railroad and steamship companies are resorting to unheard of devices for catching a little patronage on any terms, the New York theatres are reducing their tickets even for the best shows to prices ($2, $2.50) which have not been known since before the War, small tradesmen are preparing for bankruptcies which were staved off during the winter but can be postponed no longer, wage-earners are being given long summer vacations without pay, and discharges are steadily going on and unemployment thus steadily increasing. Mr. Lamont begs the people to "face the facts." Well, Mr. Lamont, suppose you begin! Here are the facts —the worst depression in American history, 8,000,000 men and women out of work, the farmers prostrate, foreign trade shot all to pieces, government deficits mounting into the billions, new taxation a certainty, the worst winter this country has ever known already looming on the horizon, and politicians, business men, economists all at sixes and sevens. The War, dear friends, is still with us. So is a capitalism that doesn't work. And so is a Russia which is developing a new system that may work. These are interesting times!

The New York *Times* has heard a report that the American Federation of Labor is negotiating with various organizations of war veterans to the end of forming a new political party specifically pledged to the repeal of the 18th Amendment. Gosh! this is good news. Indeed, the news is so good that we simply know it can't be true. Yet, till we see the report corrected or denied, we shall continue to live in hope. The mere thought of draining off, like poisoned waters from a marsh, the A. F. of L. and the American Legion, together with the "wet" rag-tag and bobtail of the Democratic and Republican parties, into a miasmic party of their own, stirs us to a kind of ecstacy. By all means let the movers of the union expedite its consummation. We can see the forces lined up now—General Hartnett still dizzy from the debauch of the latest Legion convention, Matthew Woll mixing up Bolsheviks and Anti-Saloonites into one hopeless confusion, John J. Raskob with bags of money in one hand and bottles of beer in the other, and "Al" Smith with brown derby appropriately tipped to the side of his head. O, what the people of America wouldn't do to this gang! Such an aggregation of "old-soakers," says the *Christian Century,* would "let themselves in for one of the most terrific rebukes that public opinion has ever administered to any American organization." There is nothing, to our mind, quite so much to be desired as a draining off of the "wets" from the "drys," and a genuine challenge to the nation to settle this liquor question for good and all by a "showdown" between the two. Of the result we have not the slightest doubt in the world. The "wets" have oodles of money, packs of cheap politicians, the bootleggers, gangsters and racketeers—all the metropolitan newspapers, and—the A. F. of L. Yet the sentiment of the country was never "drier" than today.

Cross-currents in the fight against militarism and war are as constant as they are confusing. Recently, in the space of a single week, there appeared the following news: (1) The Supreme Court handed down a decision rejecting the application of Professor MacIntosh, of Yale, for citizenship in the United States,

on the ground that he affirmed that he would not "bear arms" in the event of war if he believed the war was unjust or contrary to the law of God (See editorial comment in last week's UNITY.) (2) The faculty of Ohio State University, after voting 83 to 79 against compulsory military training in that institution, was terrorized by trustees, newspapers, and reactionary public protest to reverse itself by a vote of 144 to 9 in favor of compulsory military training. Six days after the reversal of this vote it was announced that Professor Herbert A. Miller, world famous sociologist, who had been particularly active in leading the agitation against militarism at Ohio State, had been summarily dismissed from the faculty. (3) The Presbyterian General Assembly, representing more than two million Christians in this country, passed a resolution sustaining conscientious objection against war, and pledging its support to any conscientious objectors in the church who might resist conscription in any future war. Here are victories for and against militarism. Let it be noted that, while education and the law sustained the reactionary tendencies of our time, it was the church speaking in the name of religion that sustained the cause of liberty and right. It is still popular to denounce and deride the church. But we beg to pronounce herewith our conviction that there is no one organized institution in contemporary society that is fighting war more rigorously and courageously today than the Christian church, and no one group of men in this country who are standing more truly faithful to the ideal of peace than the Christian clergymen. Let honor be given where honor is due!

There is an old story about a drunkard who was thrown out of a saloon three times running. Picking himself up after the third expulsion in a somewhat dazed condition, he was heard to say, "I don't believe they want me in there." The Roman Catholic Church may begin to feel this way after a few more experiences in Spain and Italy. If anything is evident it is that the people of these countries are glad to strike at the Church the moment they find opportunity. The revolution in Spain was quite as much against the Pope as it was against the King. In Italy Fascism is pretty obviously as anti-Catholic as it dares at the moment to be. Yet we find the situation in these two countries very different, so far at least as our sympathies are concerned. For we find it difficult to wax enthusiastic over any movement which would strike down one oppression only to enthrone another. In Spain, we have a real triumph of liberty—the glorious spectacle of a great people throwing off the twin yoke of state and church which has bound them for centuries. But in Italy we have in Mussolini's government a tyranny as cruel as it is mad, which attacks the Pope only because it can brook no rival to its own pride and power. For ourselves, if we had to choose between Fascism and Papism, we would take the latter and not the former every time. For in Rome's authority there is at least dignity, high tradition, and a true spiritual vision for mankind, whereas in the black-shirt authority there is nothing but arrogance, vulgarity, and sheer brute force. We are glad to see the Church fall in Spain. But as the one sure power in Italy which can meet and mar Mussolini, we could wish that it might grow there from strength to strength.

It is amusing to see the contempt of the average American for the British "dole." Yet what is our system in this country but a "dole," with none of the merits and advantages of the British "dole?" In England, millions of pounds are paid out for the support of the unemployed. In America, millions of dollars are similarly paid out for the support of the unemployed. The situation in the two countries is in this respect identical. *But!* (1) In England, the money all flows from a single source, whereas in this country it flows from unnumerable sources, both private and public, with the result of incalculable confusion, duplication and waste. (2) In England, the "dole" is drawn from the employers and the workers as well as from the government, whereas here, in addition to the insistent claims of charity, the whole burden of relief falls upon the taxpayers. (3) In England, the "dole" system is harnessed up with a great national system of labor bureaus and public employment agencies, but here we are content to leave this whole matter of finding a job to the unscrupulous and profit-making hands of private exploiters. In every comparison that may be made, the British "dole" is to be preferred to the American plan of "charity." In both cases we have an attempt to save idle men and women from starvation; but in the one case, we have system, economy, and constructive effort, and in the other case chaos, waste, and heedless drifting. When Americans, in a problem of this kind, become something other than purely sentimental, and thus at last take a scientific attitude toward unemployment and poverty, they will recognize that the "dole"—or, to be accurate, government unemployed insurance—is the one safe and sane way to proceed.

We heard Sir James Jeans talk the other night. The address of the great astronomer was impressive in its sheer scientific enthusiasm, and all the more wonderful for being brief and therefore straight to the point. Nineteenth-century science, he said, had been sitting utterly complacent, its work apparently almost done, when suddenly, in the last five years of the nineteenth century and the first five years of the twentieth, there came a decade the most revolutionary since the days of Copernicus, Galileo and Newton. This was the decade which witnessed the break-up of the atom, the discovery of radio-activity, the formula-

tion of the quantum theory, and the declaration of Einstein's doctrine of relativity. With these stupendous achievements, said Professor Jeans, everything was changed. We suddenly discovered that we knew nothing, and must begin all over again. During the last quarter of a century work has been incessant, feverish, and certain things are now becoming clear. First, the old mechanistic way of looking at things, the picture of the universe as a vast machine, is gone —presumably forever. Secondly, the old concepts of force and matter are likewise gone—reality is not composed of matter, and motion is not caused by force! Thirdly, there is nothing objectively existent in terms of time and space—we can no longer imagine the cosmos as something spatially and temporally existing outside ourselves. To do this is to go inevitably astray. If we hope to understand the universe at all, we must keep it inside the mind, and interpret it in terms of mathematical equations, or musical harmonies. What all this means philosophically Professor Jeans did not say in this address, but has said in his books. It means that science is returning to Kant, and back of Kant to Plato and his realm of "Ideas." Science, in other words, after years of dreary and dead materialism, is vindicating and restoring the old Idealism. As for religion, the new science has made Atheism permanently ridiculous, and the cruder type of Humanism a joke. The spirit, brethren, still lives!

Testing Economic Remedies

The industrial problem dwarfs all others. Solutions by the score are hurled at us by screaming propagandists. They run the gamut from *laissez-faire* capitalism to complete communism. It is difficult to choose among them. This brief article is not an attempt to make that choice but rather to insist that an intelligent selection can be made only by applying certain tests or standards to any proposed remedy. We demand and have a right to demand that our economic system give us certain benefits. To see clearly what those are is a necessary first step in finding a solution of the economic problems of our time. What then is it that we really want to receive from our industrial activities?

First of all we want food, shelter and raiment. We want enough to eat, houses to live in and clothes to wear. No matter what else an economic system may do or not do it will not satisfy and it cannot satisfy unless it can feed and clothe the people. This is basic. All of us want food, decent clothes, homes that are well lighted, clean and with a fair degree of privacy.

The second thing that all normal human beings want grows right out of the first. We want the necessaries of life not only for today but we want some assurance that they will be forthcoming tomorrow. In other words, we want security. We want to be rid of the haunting fear that we shall be out of a job tomorrow. Yes, we want still more than that, we want to know that we will be provided for in our old age. Today according to our insurance companies the overwhelming majority of men and women are dependent upon their relatives or charity at the age of sixty-five. This is disgraceful. The workers face two great fears, the fear of unemployment and the fear of old age. Next to want itself is the fear of want. We all want to be rid of that fear. We want security.

Third: We all want healthful working conditions. Our industrial casualties per year now are as great as the sum total of our casualties in the Great War. Occupational diseases undermine the health of the workers in our factories. The speed up of the machine process is such that men are considered too old at forty-five, forty or even thirty-five. And the throwing of little children into mill and field stunts them in mind and body. We all want food and security but we cannot tolerate that these should be purchased at the cost of undermining the health of anyone. We want healthful working conditions.

All these, food, security, health are physical and tangible. They are of prime importance but even the satisfaction of these desires is not enough. Man does not live by bread alone and he will always demand some deeper satisfactions. There are spiritual desires in our hearts even though we may not always be conscious of them. One of these is liberty. Just as the little babe objects to being held too tightly and expresses itself rather vigorously about it so in all of us there is the desire to be free of restraint. This desire can never be completely satisfied but we will never rest content with any social system which does not give us a large share of it. No economic system can long be satisfactory which does not give considerable liberty to individuals. It is as our own Patrick Henry, said "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

And growing out of this innate human desire to be free and control our own destiny there is a desire for some control over the productive process in which we engage. In the old life of agriculture the farmer did have some choice as to what field he would plant and to what. In the same way the craftsman had to make decisions as to what material he should use and how the work was to be done. The machine has robbed us of most of that but somehow we must find a way to get back some power over our own work, some chance to make decisions about it. There must, in other words, to satisfy our deepest longings, be some

liberty not only outside of the economic task but also some control over it.

Next, I believe, we crave something like equality in economic goods. There will always be social discontent as long as one group have conspicuously more than another. With all of us it is not what we actually have that counts but what we have in reference to what others have. Just as long as there are people who have much more than we do and have it without reasons which seem to us to be rooted in justice we will feel a sense of resentment. Increasingly am I convinced that an economic system that will really satisfy us will have to provide something like equality in the economic goods of life. The fact that one percent of our people today own 59 percent of the wealth of our country and that a large share of the income also goes to a comparatively small number of our people will produce trouble just as long as the condition persists.

Finally, I believe there is rooted in the depths of our being, the desire for fellowship. We cannot permit our machine civilization to stand in the way of this. No industrial order can long be satisfactory which does not provide the maximum of opportunity for fellowship. By this I mean that there shall be no barriers of class or race to keep men apart, to keep them from sharing with one another in the great quest for the fullness of life. The great trouble with us today is that our inequality of income so denies brotherhood that it makes it impossible for men to meet on the level and look each other in the eye with respect and good will. More and more do I see how hard it is for the poor man to have genuine fellowship with the rich man. The rich man's vote is bound to count more in practically all of the relationships of life. The poor man is almost bound to feel inferior and the rich man to develop the superiority complex. Living fellowship becomes impossible. This is a tragedy, for our race can never be happy until there is genuine fellowship among us. It is even as William Morris makes John Ball the mad priest of Kent to say:

> Forsooth Brothers, fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them. . . Therefore I bid you not dwell in hell but in heaven.

Here, then, is the conclusion of the matter. When we search our own hearts we know that we want the necessaries of life, and assurance that we are to have these necessaries when we can no longer carry the burden and heat of the day. We want to work in healthful conditions. We desire liberty and some control over our own work. We want substantial equality in service and reward. And as the goal of all this we want genuine fellowship. We want to be members of one great human family and know that we are such. Down deep in our hearts we all crave that final spiritual achievement of our race, that goal which all our great prophets of social righteousness have held before us. So when one comes saying, Here is the remedy for today's problem we have a right to judge that remedy by the tests we have listed. Whether that solution come to us in the name of capitalism, socialism, communism, or anarchy it must be tested by the question—Will it meet the physical needs of all the people, both for today and tomorrow and at the same time give them those spiritual satisfactions of liberty, equality and fellowship which are equally necessary to the abundant life for which we long and towards which we strive? EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Jottings

When Professor Piccard's balloon was floating helplessly above the Alps, with its two occupants apparently dead in the sealed gondola, the newspaper despatches reported that the Professor had always been known as "a crank." When the balloon descended safely and triumphantly the next day, the same despatches referred to Piccard as "the intrepid scientist." Thus does success justify itself!

The new Funk and Wagnalls dictionary includes the newest words and phrases in the language, as for example—

> Air-port, audiometer, belga, Byrd, Chamberlin, Charleston, coagulen, Dail Eireann, Earhart, electron, Feme, Fitzmaurice, Greenly, heterodyne, Hoover, Hooverize, houseware, intelligentsia, Koehl, lempira, Levine, Lindbergh, milline, Nobile, Pacific, Pankhurst, parsec, photostat, proton, radiophotography, radiovision, rayon, robot, rodeo, rotor-ship, Saor Stat, Sejm, setback, snecked, spumone, stagger, television, topepo, Tsik, vactuphone, vario-coupler, vitamin, etc., etc.

How many of our readers know them all?

The independence of the Philippines, long a hopeless cause, is now made possible by the influence of domestic sugar growers who want a tariff on Philippine sugar. The conservation of natural resources, long opposed by business interests, is now being vigorously urged by these same interests because of the menace of over-production. Who says there isn't a God in heaven?

At last the bald-headed man has found a friend! A scientist has declared that thinking makes the hair fall out.

A public dinner in New York City in honor of Gandhi has been advertised at $6 a plate. We would like to see the Mahatma sitting at this ample board. Would not his handful of dates and cup of goat's milk shame the diners?

Since writing our Joan of Arc editorial paragraph in the June 1st issue of UNITY, we have reread Andrew Lang's biography of the Maid, and have discovered that we did this distinguished biographer an injustice when we said that his book seemed to us to "fall far short of understanding." Our impression is now that Lang's biography is just as well as beautiful, and is the best now available in English. *Also,* may we note that Joan was burned not in Orleans but in Rouen.

J. H. H.

A Jew to His Christian Friend

Bill, old friend:

Since you left the other night, I haven't been able to get you out of my thoughts. You've haunted me. Though I am a Jew and you, nominally, a Christian, I want you to know that I understand.

Remember that night out there in the Argonne when we were trapped and believed any minute would be our last? Your calmness, your buoyancy, your light-hearted humor gave me just that extra shove which kept me going and brought us both through safe. I thought you were brave then. The courage you show now is, I believe, of a higher kind. It's moral courage. That's rare. To break with the traditions of one's life and training and background; to think through one's personal religious problems to the very end; to follow truth wherever it leads even if it means abandoning the most cherished and most tender memories of childhood and youth, even if it means daring the ridicule of life-long friends—that's bravery of the highest sort. One finds intellectual heroism but seldom these days!

Remember how we first met, years ago at school? You called me a dirty Jew. We had some dispute in a boyish game. And we went at it! I had a black eye and your lips were bleeding. We shook hands. I looked into your eyes and saw something there. By George, I said to myself, I like that Christian! You must have seen something in my eyes. We didn't say anything. Just stood there, measuring each other as boys will do. The other fellows went off. You and I picked up our coats and walked away together in silence. I remember that night as I lay on my bed thinking about it, all of a sudden there was like a song in my heart. "Why, he's my friend!" You must have felt the same thing for next day I found you waiting for me at recess. And since that time—well, you know the story as well as I.

After you left the other night, I sat down by the fire and thought and thought till suddenly I realized the logs had burned out and the room was cold. I've been trying to quiet a restlessness which would not be quieted till I had written it out in part at least. So here goes.

I think many Christians are like you, Bill. You're not the only one. They've broken intellectually with the dogmas of Christianity. It takes real courage to be a liberal Christian; to say, "I no longer believe in the divinity of Jesus and in salvation through Him." It means a break with the most sacred traditions of the past. It often means a loss of one's friends; at times, social ostracism. No wonder men and women hesitate to speak out. Yet I believe there are thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of Christians who think as you do but haven't the courage to say so. They go on week after week mouthing the same old phrases which in their heart of hearts they reject but which they are not brave enough openly to disavow. And this hypocrisy, this inner dichotomy at the core of Christian thinking today is the reason for the widespread indifference among the laymen and the apparent futility of the pulpit. One can easily understand how these minds work. "Oh, the creed? I don't believe it but after all why hurt the Church?" And so the vitality of the institution is weakened at its very core by people who think they are befriending the church but who are only prolonging its agony. How much braver and wiser to speak out in meeting without palliation or compromises and perform the operation which may bring health to the patient.

I remember so well what you said to me.

From childhood you were surrounded by a religious atmosphere which put you in close touch with the family church which was Lutheran. Sunday School and the services were attended by all of you and your mother had an evening prayer with your brother and sister daily. Your father had been superintendent of the Sunday School and an officer of the church for years before his death and his religion was a part of his life. He died of small-pox, you said, when you were only a baby. When you were eleven you moved to another city where you attended the Episcopal church because none of the Lutheran synod was near and you loved it for its form of service. It was Low Episcopal. Later a Lutheran congregation built in your neighborhood and that is now your mother's church home.

When the question of your confirmation arose you always refused; not because you did not consider it a duty, but because it was such a grave step with you that you wanted to feel sure of yourself and the reasons for your choice of denomination. You attended the classes for confirmation in both the Lutheran and Episcopal churches for several years but did not seem to be any nearer the solution of your problem. The questions you used to ask your pastor quite shocked him at times. He used to call you a "queer lad."

You could not believe that all persons within the reach of Christian instruction were damned if they failed to accept the idea of Christ; and once you took a book to the pastor's house, which had greatly impressed you, "We Two." You wondered when the good man refused to read it and were ashamed of him. There was no thought of your denying the teachings of Christ. He was a living personality to

you. But even then, all this dogmatism and fighting of creeds seemed so un-Christian that it made you religiously restive. As you grew older you could see reasons for differing forms of worship but never for the antagonism of difference of beliefs. I remember you said, "I can't imagine an Episcopal feeling at home in a shouting Methodist church for that is a matter of individual temperament. But the idea of narrowing God to a creed——"

When you went to college you spent your Sundays for the most part with cousins, the Campbells and Harveys and Burns, blue stocking Presbyterians, and your Sundays were as busy as your week days. Again the question of confirmation arose and your duties as a professing Christian urged. Your mother had always been very good about leaving the choice of church to you though of course she would have liked it to have been Lutheran. Some of your college mates also talked with you about it; and all of these people were so far above and beyond you, you thought, in their spiritual and mental life that you seemed to presume in holding the ideas which to you were so insistent. "Who am I," you asked yourself. "to try to understand things which a man like Maltbie Davenport Babcock would accept and utterly believe?" And all the great men of all denominations seemed to deride your intelligence. Also, the more you tried to understand the fundamental differences in creeds the more confused you seemed to become. If you would know so much as you wanted to, four or five years' study of theology alone would have been required. All of this time relatives and friends were distressed by your attitude and it seemed an unnecessary discomfort that you were giving them. You felt you would like to be a member of some church and in March, 1902, you were confirmed in an Episcopal church.

You know now that it was a mistake. It was a step of which heart and soul should have approved without question. The simple fact of your uncertainty was shown you as a proof of your need of the church. But after taking your first communion, you could never take it again. It was an unthinkable thing unless there was absolute faith in the rite and perfect harmony with the idea. At first it was a feeling of unpreparedness which kept you away and this never grew less. Then, you could never make it clear to your feeling and reason.

All this time and until now there was never any great stress of emotion, no rending of your soul or troubles of any sort. The most questioning time you ever had was while you were trying to decide about your confirmation. You had gone along very quietly and calmly, hardly realizing that a change was taking place in your thought and being which to some people would be a tragedy. The full realization of how great this change was came to you suddenly when services were held at the resort where you were vacationing. You stopped short at the second part of the creed. Last Easter a year ago you went to early services at Trinity but again could not follow and did not take communion. I remember your words: "I felt an alien and very sad about it all as one feels about things irrevocably lost that have been very precious."

It was the aesthetic, the emotional that suffered of course, just as it was the form of service in the Episcopal church which appealed to that part of your nature and made you choose it years ago.

Then, old friend, you said to me the words which are responsible for this letter:

> What I miss is the feeling of belonging somewhere, of having a religious home. The ideas propounded by some of the denominations are horrible to me. They hurt me. They hurt my sense of beauty, of love, of justice and true living. The idea of Christ, the personality of him that has surrounded my life from birth, I cannot completely eradicate. I do not try. I do realize, however, that I have been giving him my love which should have been God's.

You spoke of the God of Christianity as being an angry God. It was one of the things which you could never accept as it was presented to you—the idea of God needing propitiation. It was wholly antagonistic to a loving Father. It placed him far off as a mentor, judge and ruler with nothing of love or nearness to give one security or happiness. The whole reason given for the life and death of Jesus you objected to. No one ever knew much of this objection for you rarely spoke of what was passing in your mind. When you did speak it, it raised a storm and your question was no nearer being answered. So you stopped raising storms! The Trinity was explained and talked of but your mind could not grasp that idea and keep the parts of the Trinity very distinctly separate.

Then you went on to tell me of your faith; how the study of medicine had sent you straight to the knowledge of a marvelous ruling Providence; how it sent you away from materialism instead of to it; how it showed your dependence instead of independence, a power so immeasurable and a plan so perfect that reverence and humility were born in you instead of skepticism and arrogance. And you said: "I wonder do you know what all these things mean to me? I want to belong somewhere. I think we speak the same language religiously. I wonder if after all I am not a Jew!"

As a Jew I can understand how you feel about orthodox Christianity. Some years ago in Rome I went to St. Peters. A service was being held in one of the chapels. It was like a show, a mimic thing of pantomime and setting and color. The place was heavy with the odor of incense. A few chants by the male choir, beautifully done. A priest shook a silver censer. At the altar three others in heavy green robes embroidered in gold were officiating. Around the sides other priests were seated in the handsome carved stalls. I shall never forget the impression it all made on me. The whole room was the stage; the worshipers—the priests—were actors; the congregation, the audience. The people were crowded back to the doors; there was no place for them in the chapel itself. That was reserved for the officiating clergy. A strange mingling of feelings tore at my heart. I respected the age and dignity of the ritual; I hated the things for which it stands. I felt like crying out: "It's a lie and a sham!" I feared this influence so organized, so ruthless, so lustful of power. I seemed to have been transported to some far-gone past to the temple of some pagan god. Here were all the things against which we Jews have uttered our eternal protest, to combat which we have given our lives. "Thou shalt not bow down to any graven image." We went the extreme and our protest against idolatry prevented the development of art among us. But here was symbolism parading as fact; here poetry had sneaked away and left her duped followers enamoured of a form. This *was* God! These priests were intermediaries. Note how the wor-

shipers are excluded from the room while the show goes on! And I remembered the old struggle of the Pharisees against the Sadducees—the priests, they said, are but representatives of the people, they possess no intrinsic salutary power! It was beautiful; it was awful. Of course I did not bring a receptive spirit. Nor would you. The American Catholic who pays his Peter's Pence is gratified to see where his money goes and indeed the show must be made worthy —there are disappointments enough in life!

I must not give you an entirely wrong impression. I was profoundly moved by the beauty and glory of the building. I was repelled by the thing for which it stands; the intellectual and spiritual autocracy of which it is the incarnation.

For example, one figure was pointed out to me, that of Ignatius Loyola—there's a building and loan association in our town named after him—founder of the Jesuits. The marble pictures Loyola on the neck of the heretic, crushing out his life. Of course, the figure is idealized; it stands triumphant, benign. But there is no compassion in the fanatic or bigot; and when men believe they possess that truth which is necessary to salvation, they'll kill a life in order to save it! It does seem strange that God should use these instruments; that humanity once given a glimpse of the truth should be side-tracked through all these centuries. Truth is a priceless thing and men must pay for it. But over and over in my mind's eye the vision of my people appears, all glorified because of the experience of that morning. Jesus, of whom they have made a doll and dressed him up, is the symbol of the suffering Jew. What a strange anomaly: they who profess to follow him whose idea of life was humility, should take upon themselves the trappings of kings and pomp of princes!

You told me that the personality of Jesus that has surrounded your life from birth, you cannot completely eradicate. I wonder if you realize that this idea holds out to you the opportunity to "belong somewhere," as you put it; makes it possible for you to be a Christian. Let me show you what I mean.

You and I have been friends from boyhood. My regard for you, my desire always to have your approbation, my knowledge that only my best will please you, have been an ever present stimulus to me to give and to be only the noblest that I know. My feeling that if I do not measure up, it will cause you unhappiness has strengthened me to falter on toward the achievement of that character I know you believe me to possess. Perhaps you have felt the same about me. I did not want to lend myself to anything that would make me lose out in your eyes. Thus you, my friend, have been a profound influence in the moulding of my character. The thought of you has brought out the strongest and finest in me. You have saved me from many pitfalls. In this sense you have redeemed me.

It is easy to understand how a man holding close to his heart the thought of Jesus, living with him as companion of the mind till his personality becomes vivid, his presence real, his influence vital—it is easy to understand how such a man, under the constant discipline of that relationship, strengthened and inspired by the thought of Jesus his friend whom he would not hurt, disappoint or wrong—will be redeemed. It is in this sense you can say. "Jesus is my Saviour!" You can belong to the great Christian group.

But perhaps this does not help you. Perhaps you feel this to be an intellectual makeshift, that you will have but poured out the contents of the mould and filled it with another alloy; have but substituted one semblance for another and laid hold of another symbol as empty as the first. This is for you to decide.

I have followed, as you have, the efforts of the liberals to re-interpret Christianity. I have ached with them for I know the pain and the hurt, the prejudice and the misunderstanding which meet them. I have admired their bravery. Yet I feel they are hewing out a trail which will lead but to another wilderness.

Fosdick, one of the greatest living Christian preachers, and one of the bravest of the Christian liberals, sums up the difficulties in contemporary Christian thinking by distinguishing between the religion *about* Jesus and the religion *of* Jesus. He pleads for a return to the religion *of* Jesus. He declares that multitudes of so-called Christians

> . . . have a religion about Jesus. They suppose that that is Christianity. As a matter of fact, one cannot so have a religion about Jesus that by itself will make him a Christian. A man is vitally and inwardly a Christian only to the degree in which he himself possesses the kind of religion which Jesus Christ possessed. . . . This emphasis upon the centrality of the spirit of Jesus in Christianity is crucially important if our modern problems are to be successfully met. Here is a new generation needing as much as any generation in human history a vital and dynamic faith, but a mere religion about Jesus does not get within reaching distance of our major problems. A man can have a religion about Jesus and harbor bitter racial prejudice; he can have a religion about Jesus and be a rampant militarist, a narrow nationalist, a hard-handed industrial autocrat; he can have a religion about Jesus and be unfit to live with in a home. But no one can have *the religion of Jesus* and be that. . . . One of the greatest hours in Christian history will have struck when once more the religion *of* Jesus takes the center of the scene.

This eloquent and moving plea is so striking and apparently so reasonable that it may be worth while to examine its logical implications—implications which perhaps even Dr. Fosdick has not followed to their end.

The religion *of* Jesus was Judaism. There can be no question about that. And a return to the religion of Jesus would be a return to Judaism. Does Dr. Fosdick plead for a return on the part of Christians to Judaism? This is the only possible construction of his words; but is Dr. Fosdick willing to go that far? There can be no half-way house. Either Jesus was the son of God in the exclusive Christo-theological sense, or he was not. To those who reject theological Christianity, Pauline Christianity—the religion *about* Jesus—there is no alternative, if they be consistent. Fosdick's *religion of Jesus* is one of two things, either Fosdick's religion about Jesus or, it is the projection of an ideal human being in whom is all the best that humanity can dream or conceive. But, if he be the highest of which man can conceive, he is still the creation of man. He is not God. And if one says, Well, God too is the projection of the holiest we know, then there is no need of Jesus as God; for then there would be two Gods. But this is impossible. In making his plea for a return to the religion *of* Jesus, Fosdick is presenting only another and a different religion *about* Jesus—namely, *his* religion about Jesus, for in Fosdick's religion *of* Jesus we have the Jesus personality at the center and core. He merely substitutes for the old-fashioned "religion about

Jesus," his new-fashioned "religion about Jesus." The only return from the religion *about* Jesus to the religion *of* Jesus is the return from Christianity to Judaism.

I do not want to mislead you, however, as to our Jewish position. We, too, are going through the throes of theological disintegration. There are many Jews today whose loyalty to the synagogue is just as attenuated as the loyalty of thousands of Christians to the church. There are many who continue to support the synagogue for purely sentimental reasons or because they too are not brave enough to break completely, but follow the line of least resistance. Of course, with us there is this great difference: Christendom really at heart would not welcome the Jew, all the efforts at conversion to the contrary notwithstanding. But we Jews are faced with the same problems as our Christian brethren: how shall we rebuild the structure of religious life which is falling about our heads. This is as true of orthodox Jews as it is of Reform or Liberal Jews.

We Liberal Jews have broken with orthodox Judaism on many points. We have discarded the authority of the Schulchan Aruch, that codification of rabbinical laws made by Joseph Karo, a teacher of the sixteenth century, which prescribes the daily duties of the Jew. We have declared that the same right and duty which inhered in the rabbis of old to legislate for their time is encumbent upon the rabbis of today; that the sixteenth century cannot legislate for the religious needs of the twentieth century any more efficaciously than it can legislate for the traffic problems of our day. Liberal Judaism excludes from its prayer book those aspirations which voiced the longing for the rebuilding of the Temple and the reintroduction of the sacrificial cultus. It discards the beliefs in bodily resurrection and the coming of a personal Messiah. Liberal Judaism accepts the principle of evolution in religion as well as in science and looks toward the gradual achievement of a messianic time to which all good men of all creeds and peoples are contributing.

But Liberal Judaism has its problems just as heartbreaking as Liberal Christianity. The solution of them will mean perhaps the rewriting of our theology in very fundamental things. It will mean facing squarely many basic questions: What is the Jew? Is he a race? Is he a denomination such as Protestant or Catholic? Is he a nation in the sense that the French or English are nations? Is he a nationality? What is nationality? Why should the Jew continue to refuse to intermarry? Why should he retain his distinctiveness? What is the "mission of the Jew?" In what sense, if any, is he a "chosen people?" What compromises in thinking and conduct will he be called upon and can he make without sacrificing his identity? How can he maintain his integrity and why? Our best critical thought today is engaged in examining anew the foundations of our beliefs and our purposes.

Furthermore, I believe the time has come for Liberal Judaism to take a more positive attitude toward Jesus. True it is that some of our teachers have already made a place for Jesus in the pantheon of Jewish prophets; but to the masses of even Liberal Jews, Jesus represents merely the central figure of Christianity, the man-God, the negation of Jewish monotheism. My orthodox brethren to whom for so many centuries the name of the Nazarene meant only oppression, pyre and pogrom, naturally have found in him the very antithesis of all that Judaism stands for; so much of misery has been visited upon them through the centuries in the name of Jesus. So far as the orthodox Christian conception of Jesus is concerned, they are right. We can never accept that; nor will we ever be able to accept it. But now, when Liberal Christianity has discarded the theology of Paul and seems wandering without aim in search of a new attitude toward Jesus, I feel the time has come for Liberal Judaism to declare: We have something to say to you concerning Jesus of Nazareth. We gave him to the world. He is hewn from the same rock whence we came. Come, you who are wandering and heavy-laden, let us seek together the redemptive influence of his teaching.

This does not mean, my friend, that we give him pre-eminent place among the prophets; except so far as his influence is concerned. There, of course, he stands supreme, without a peer. Jesus, more than any other single personality, has moulded the destiny of our western world. He is among the great of all times.

But the spirit of Liberal Judaism declines to accord primacy to any single human personality. For us, every great spirit of all times and among all peoples has contributed to the sum total of truth. To God alone belongs the whole. To us "the broken arc"; to Him "the perfect round."

Perhaps Christianity is right in its emphasis upon the humanity of Jesus. It may be that the masses of men need this projection in him of the highest and the best that man knows or can conceive, to discipline and hallow their lives. The God of the Jews, as the ancients said, is vague and intangible; hard to know, harder to love. Men and women need a God who is nearer to them, a human God. That may be the secret of Jesus' power over the minds and hearts of men. But Judaism cannot offer that to you. Nor can we "redeem your soul from hell"—wherever and whatever that is. Judaism is no gilt-edged bond redeemable after death!

Yet we have a great deal in common with Liberal Christianity. Liberal Christians have cast overboard the whole orthodox reason for the life and death of Jesus; they deny the divinity of Jesus; they emphasize the social message of religion; they stand officially for tolerance and equality and mutual respect. We go with them in their protest in the name of an evolving truth; in their valiant defense of the right of the individual soul to seek its maker free and uninhibited; in their vehement denial that the whole truth is the possession of any one exclusive group. But we part company with Liberal Christianity in the position it gives to Jesus of Nazareth. It elevates the Nazarene to a position of supreme importance. The Jew was so jealous to preserve the awful unity and holiness of God unchallenged, that even the founder of the faith, Moses, lies in an unknown grave in the wilderness, for fear, said the rabbis, that men and women would make a pilgrimage there and worship him. Not even to Moses, founder of the nation, round whom the whole structure of Jewish tradition and history is built, was this position given. It does not mean that we deny the work of Jesus; it does not mean that we reject the beauty of his teachings; it does not mean that we disregard the thrilling appeal of his life as the generations have idealized it; it does not mean that

we refuse him a place among the greatest of our prophets. But it does mean that we as Jews refuse to put him in a position that even by inference may challenge the unity of the God-head! For us no personality however god-like may be allowed to jeopardize this unity. And so, all the love the Christian gives to Jesus, the Jew gives to God.

Liberal Judaism makes no demand upon the intelligence that it shall cease to operate in the life of man. It does not demand that the mind be divided into two parts; one labeled Religion and the other Science, with no connection or relation between the twain. Liberal Judaism regards reason as one of the instruments through which the eternal spirit reveals itself to man. It is the great corrector which increasingly destroys superstition and error. Liberal Judaism declares: We accept all that authoritative science has to offer and if it contradicts a cherished truth long held, then that truth must go, because it is no longer truth. "When the half-gods go, the Gods arrive."

You say, my friend, that you want to belong somewhere.

I cannot tell you that Judaism is absolute truth. I do not believe it is. I can say only that so far as I am concerned, it is truth, the highest truth I know. And I do not urge you to accept it. I cannot urge you to accept it. We never ask anyone to join us. Indeed we are reluctant to receive others into our communion; not because of any pride or vainglory and not because we think we are better than anyone else; but simply because to be a Jew means heartache and frustration and hurt and sacrifice. Yet to me to be a Jew means the achievement of that inner unity and harmony of life which are but a reflection of the higher unity and harmony we call God.

Religion to me is not complicated and fraught with weighty questions which must be answered for one's rest and peace of soul. Men must learn to distinguish between the religious idea which seems to abide in human hearts, and the religious institution which is transient.

Religion to me means to grow in depth and strength and sympathy; to gain in manhood and power and usefulness; emotions steadied to a still deep rhythm; love for people and for beauty grown more tender, more sure, more undoubting and more perfect. One's disgust and impatience with weakness and failure of all kinds changed to a charity large enough and understanding deep enough to make us want to help instead of run away; and teach instead of scold; one's sense of values simplified so that with an unerring sureness we know our own and hold it and are not afraid. To feel that every experience has its worth, that life may be successful in one's self even though outwardly useless. And then to have been humbled by the dependence of a fellowman on you. To have faced life's problems with all the strength that was in you, with a prayer in your heart for guidance and a Te Deum when the imminent danger was over. To say to life: Life, I cannot understand you. Often I see no reason or justice in things. But Life, I accept you—all that you have to offer me, for I believe in that Truth and Beauty and Goodness which are God!

Religious institutions are but the feeble attempts of the sons of men to give expression to this idea. And behind all your creeds and all your rituals and all your ceremonies there is this desire of man to relate himself to the ultimate source of life, to give expression to the inextinguishable longings of his heart; to find his place in this miracle we call existence. The religious idea is much more important than the religious institution. All too often the institution, with its formalities and its credos makes itself more important than the idea which gave it birth. When this happens both idea and institution become decadent.

Christianity and Judaism are but the creation of groups of men called Christians and Jews, heartbreaking attempts to come to grips with things, faltering efforts to understand reality. Behind both of these faiths there is the longing of Christian and Jew to know God. And you and I, whether we be labeled Christian or Jew, hold these ideals in common and, holding them, have fellowship with the greatest saints and dreamers of all time.

I am reminded of a passage in the Gospel of Matthew:

> And he cometh unto his disciples and findeth them sleeping.
> And saith unto Peter:
> What! Could ye not watch with me one hour?

Bill, my friend, you and I can watch together; not one hour nor a day nor a year, but until the end. And other Christians and other Jews can watch together. We can watch on the battlements for the new dawn. We can proclaim the day of truth, of justice, of freedom, of human brotherhood and peace. And through our lives, each in his own way, thinking the highest and doing the best that he knows, can promote and hasten its coming.

Someone said of a French philosopher that the death of his life-long friend "humanized him" for a day. If every man who says he believes in God lived for one day as if that belief were true, that day's dawn would change the face of all the world.

Ever devotedly your friend, David.

(Rabbi) Morris S. Lazaron.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Skeptic

Christ of the lone way
And the calm hand,
How did it go with you
Whom none could understand?

How did it feel to walk
Whitely in the crowd
Begging, for the truth's sake,
To pay for a shroud?

Tell us, was the way dark?
Was the night long—
With peace for a pillow,
And love for a song?

Not all your poured blood
Could quench your high will;
Some say you went in shame,
Sorrowing; still,

You must have known ecstasy
That other gods missed,
Believing in love enough
To die an anarchist.

Ruth E. Hopkins

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

C.

1.

It is true that it is hard to be kind to a depraved man, to a liar, especially if he insults us, but we should be kind precisely to this man, both for our own sakes and for his.

2.

A sensible man knows that all he needs is in himself, and therefore he only expects good from himself. A foolish man expects no good except from others and is angry with them because they do not give him what he wants. A sensible man has no one with whom to be angry, except himself. Hence a sensible man does not get angry.

3.

In the Hindu law it is written: as sure as winter is cold and summer is warm, it is ill with an evil man, and well with a good man. Let no man enter into a quarrel, even though he is offended and has suffered. Let no man insult anyone by deed or word or thought. All this deprives man of true felicity.

4.

Watch out lest you quarrel. Every word said to another in a discontented voice, every unkind glance—all this is no joking matter. With these trifles begins dissension, which spoils our lives more than anything else.

5.

It is hard to unravel the sins that disunite men. And how could it fail to be hard, when the whole business of life lies in unravelling these sins? If it were easy, the Kingdom of Heaven would come at once. But no—it is easier to cut tunnels through the mountains, to build airplanes and submarines, than to do away with the ill-will that disunites men. But the fact that this is hard, not only fails to prove that it need not be done, but shows that we should direct all our strength precisely to this end.

6.

If you are angry, before doing or saying anything —count ten. If your anger has not cooled—count a hundred.

If you remember this when you are angry, you won't have to count, because you will remember that if you are angry you must be silent. And after you have been silent for a while, you will wonder that you could have been angry at such trifles.

7.

If a man offends you, you may respond to the offense as does a dog, a cow or a horse, by running away from him who offends you, if he is stronger than you, or by snapping, butting or kicking back. But you may also respond to offense like a rational man by saying to yourself "This man offended me. That is his affair; and mine is to do what I consider right."

8.

When we are dissatisfied with ourselves, we do not blame ourselves—our own soul—but our ill deeds. We should treat other people in the same way, by blaming their deeds if they are evil, but not the men themselves—not their souls.

CI

It is only easy to live with a man when you neither consider yourself superior to him, better than he is, nor consider him superior to yourself, better than you are.

2.

A proud man wants to be praised. In order to be praised he needs to be what people consider good. People consider that good, which pleases them. And it pleases them to be considered good. Hence a proud man never gets what he wants.

3.

People consider some men superior, others inferior to themselves. Let them remember that one and the same spirit dwells in all men and they will see how amazingly stupid this is.

4.

To consider all men your equals, does not mean that you should be just as strong, dexterous, clever, learned, kind as others, but that there is in you that which is more important than anything in the world and which is one and the same in all men—the Spirit of God.

5.

Men could never have committed a hundredth part of the evil deeds that they have committed—and are now incessantly committing—but for the recognition of the precedence of some men over others.

"We Christians may kill and torture heathen; we true believers may do the same to infidels; we whites may in the same way kill and oppress colored people; and so forth—"

6.

A child meets another child of any class, faith or nationality, with the same smile of joy and good-will; while grown-up people, who should be more sensible than a child, before they enter into any relations with a man, take into consideration what class, faith and nation he belongs to, and treat him accordingly. Not without reason did Christ say "become as little children."

7.

Christ revealed to men that the division men make between their own and foreign peoples is an evil and a deception. And, having come to know this, a Christian can no longer fail to recognize as false this feeling of ill-will toward foreign peoples; he cannot justify, as formerly, cruel acts toward them by recognizing the superiority of his own nation over others, nor by citing the delusions, the cruelty or the barbarity of another nation. Knowing that the separation of his nation from others is an evil that destroys his felicity, knowing the snare that formerly led him into this evil, he can no longer consciously serve it as formerly he did. Knowing that his felicity is bound up, not exclusively with that of the men of one nation, but with that of all men in the world, he now knows that his unity with others cannot be violated by a boundary-line or by the orders of a government with regard to his belonging to one nation or another. He now knows that all men, everywhere, are brothers, and therefore equal. And, understanding this, a Christian cannot fail to change his whole attitude to other nations and to government. What formerly seemed good and lofty—love of the fatherland, of his own nation, of his own government, service of them to the detriment of other men's welfare, heroic deeds in war—all this no longer appears lofty

and beautiful, but, on the contrary, low and bad. And what appeared bad and disgraceful—renunciation of the fatherland, cosmopolitanism—appears on the contrary good and lofty. Even though in a moment of forgetfulness a Christian might prefer the success of his own government or people, he could no longer in a quiet moment give way to the superstition that, as he knows, ruins his life and that of others; he could not recognize any governments or nations whatsoever, nor take part in anything founded on the diversity of governments—neither in the collection of customs and duties, nor in the preparation of arms and amunition, nor in any activity connected with armament, military service, nor above all in war itself with other peoples.

8.

Patriotism is in such a degree unnatural to men of our time that it can only be aroused by hypnotic suggestion.

And this very thing is done by governments and those to whom patriotism is profitable—they insinuate patriotism into the minds of those to whom it is unprofitable. We must be on guard against this deception.

(*To be continued*)

The Study Table

Is It Possible?

This book* is a sort of "volume two" to Mr. Seldes's earlier book, "You Can't Print That," which created so great a sensation some few years ago. Here we have another sensation, or series of sensations, for in these pages this gifted foreign correspondent is still telling us the truth behind the news in Europe which he was not allowed to tell when he was in service and which he was obliged to resign in order to disclose. The very make-up of the volume—the chapter headings printed like the screaming headlines of our popular newspapers—reflects the character of the information the author has to impart. The contents fulfil the anticipations conjured up by the huge, black lettering. They leave one gasping with amazement—and despair! If these things can be, then anything can be, even the next war which everything in Europe Mr. Seldes sees preparing for the final destruction of our world.

The book opens with dreadful chapters on the tyranny and persecutions of the various European dictatorships. Mr. Seldes is a friend to none of these terroristic governments — he hates the Soviets as furiously as the Fascists—but what he tells of Mussolini and his deeds is more terrifying than all the rest of the horrors put together. In Italy, apparently, we have something worse than the Medieval inquisition and the Tsarist prisons rolled into one. What Gladstone denounced so passionately in the old kingdom of Naples was mere child's play as compared with what is going on today. If what Mr. Seldes says is true—and he seems to have the facts!—Mussolini is in the true succession of the Neros and Caligulas of old. Happily, Mr. Seldes thinks the Duce's rule is swiftly and surely coming to an end. His prophecy in these pages of successful revolution in Spain, already achieved, lends authority to what he says about Italy. Indeed, he thinks all the dictatorships, with the exception of Russia, are moving into their "twilight." This not so much because of rebellion from within as from failure of economic support from without! English and American bankers are all through lending money to Mussolini, and this means the beginning of the end.

But what good will the fall of the dictators do, if this is only a prelude to another vast European war? On this point of war and peace Mr. Seldes is as pessimistic as he is hopeful in regard to an end of despotism. The continent, in his view, is again a vast powder-magazine, waiting for any casual sparks to kindle it into an explosion. War preparations are enormous, greater than the world has ever known before. War psychology is a veritable fever, highly irritated, and ready therefore for instant provocation to action. The Balkans are "peace-weary," and therefore, today as yesterday, a tinder-box to start the conflagration. Worst of all is the deliberate corruption of the youth of all countries in the interests of war.

> The crime of this age (says Mr. Seldes,) is the militaristic corruption of youth. . . . Patriotism is not enough in dictatorial nations; there must be super-patriotism based on hatred. And to teach them that hatred must not remain theoretical, the dagger is placed in the hands of children, the rifle in the hands of young boys, and the machine gun given university men in preparation for making their hatred active.

How war can be avoided under such conditions, Mr. Seldes does not say. What *can* he say? How can war be avoided when every influence of the time, with few exceptions, is in its favor? It seems incredible that another war can come. But no more incredible than what this experienced correspondent shows us in these pages has already come!

Other chapters in this book, of exciting, appalling interest, are numerous. We do not marvel at Mr. Seldes's retirement from journalism when we read in these pages what he has to say about European press corruption and "bunkum in the American press." The censorship exercised by the Roman Catholic church, slavishly acquiesced in by the newspapers, is treated here unsparingly, and yet is confessed to be no worse than the Christian Science censorship. Truth and the reporter, says Mr. Seldes, have little acquaintanceship, especially in the foreign field. And he quotes approvingly the words of a fellow-journalist.

> On the whole it seems to me easier for a rich man to enter heaven than for a foreign correspondent to tell the truth.

The chapter upon Carol, of Roumania, presents the scandals of the rottenest royal house in Europe. The "Mussolini myth" is a revelation of the personal side of the Italian dictator, who emerges as shabby a figure as now moves upon the contemporary stage. Isadora Duncan appears in hardly a better light in the chapter on her last days—we wonder if these sordid scenes had not better have been hidden away forever! As for the personal adventures of Seldes, they are numerous, touch world-famous men, and are as interesting as they are revealing. This is a mad world, my brethren, and here is the record of it by one who sees and knows.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Can These Things Be?" By George Seldes. Published by Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $4.00.

"The World of the New Testament"*

Since the New Testament is not a work of literature, but a collection of concrete "streaks of life," it cannot be understood at all save as we understand the world out of whose life and experience it comes. The Germans have given us great encyclopaedic works like Schürer's or Hausrath's, histories like Oskar Holtzmann's (these chiefly dealing with the Jewish background) and profound intensive studies of the Graeco-Roman culture into which the earliest Christian mission went, such as Wendland's. In English we have works like Shailer Matthew's sketch of Jewish history in the New Testament period, the admirable little book of Estlin Carpenter on "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," and in particular, more recent studies of the highest value dealing with the social and religious life of the peoples among whom Paul and his successors worked. Of many eminent names, those of Samuel Angus and Harold R. Willoughby will occur to UNITY readers.

In this field T. R. Glover of Cambridge has done outstanding service in earlier publications, notably in "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire." The present work, in eight chapters, is based on lectures given at several American schools, and sums up, in brilliant fashion, the contribution of the author's earlier studies. Here we have, presented with great power of literary expression, vivid pictures of that old world, so unlike and yet so strangely like, our own. Scarcely anywhere can the characteristic *differentia* of the Greek, the Roman, the Jew, be found stated in such clear contrast. What Alexander's conquest really meant, how the Roman Empire really operated, what life was like in an average Hellenistic town, and what the man was like who lived this life—all this is here pictured in masterly and convincing fashion. There is deliberately much illustrative quotation from the classic sources, in which Glover is so fully at home. There is very little about the New Testament; the application of these general pictures of the background to the Christian writing is left to the reader. Indeed, the book is at least as valuable in the study of general history as in that of Christian beginnings.

The author's own characteristics and predilections are clearly in evidence, his lack of sympathy for the mystery religions (on which he makes a few sensible and much needed comments), for the United States and for eschatology, are all written clear. Nor does the book lose by this candor.

The proof-reading as in Macmillian books generally, has been carelessly done. On page 228 one suspects the omission of a whole line.

C. R. BOWEN.

*The World of the New Testament. By T. R. Glover. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. Price $2.00.

Correspondence

A Rejoinder on Russia

Editor of UNITY:

The reply of Mr. Whitaker to my article entitled "Reflections of a Liberal on Soviet Russia," (UNITY, of March 16th) is a striking example of ardent begging of the question. Unable to deny the facts which I related, and which I sent to the editor of UNITY soon after leaving the silent, penitential land of Russia as a kind of confessional act, he vigorously belabors "my class" of liberals, and liberalism in general, declaring them to be more futile, deceptive and dangerous to the cause of social justice than was even the opiate sacerdotalism of the tzaral Orthodox Church.

However much of truth there is—and there is much—in his indictment of us for cowardice and futility in the presence of wrongs crying for redress, his article seems to me to illustrate the superficial emotionalism of much radical utterance in the United States. A distinguished professor of political science, of European training, in Oberlin College, after reading both the article and Mr. Whitaker's reply, commented strikingly as follows: "Mr. Whitaker is blind to the real issue. The fact that certain liberals, or even the majority of them, are timid, compromising people cannot be a serious argument against the thesis that the suppression of intellectual, moral and religious freedom is a wicked thing; and that no one is entitled to eradicate a large section of the population simply because they desire to continue to cultivate their soil. . . . Such confusion of means and ends, of instruments and values, of men and ideals, is possible only in a country where the pseudo-philosopher John Dewey has created such a hopeless chaos in moral and political speculations!"

The reply raises, however, some fundamental questions which lie close to the heart of a man's character and take root deep in the soil of Western philosophy, government and culture. It defiantly challenges liberalism to courageous action in time of emergency and doubt, declaring that liberals have no program of deeds, or even daring, but only words with which to mislead the masses. The writer forgets that liberalism, as I intended to use the term, *is not, and never has pretended to be, a political party or a particular program in the United States.* Rather is it a faith in certain enduring principles of government and conduct, in a certain moderation and open-mindedness of spirit, which have been evolved by long and bitter struggles against constituted tyrannies, political and ecclesiastical in the course of several centuries of Western European history. One of the most paramount of these is the conception that government is not omnipotent, that its sphere is limited; that there are inalienable rights inherent in human beings by virtue of being human, and therefore capable of social thought, feeling and co-operation for the common good, which governments must not infringe.

Many of these principles—sacred if anything on earth is sacred—attended the birth of this American Republic, and were rendered distinctively American by reason of their adoption and distinguished defense by Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Thomas Paine, and their numerous supporters. To be an American patriot in those days was to be devoted to certain emancipating, liberal, revolutionary ideas, to serve and advance them by courage and sacrifice. Devotion to them ought still to be the earmark of American patriotism. Among the immortal principles of liberty were: The complete separation of State and Church, the conception that just powers of government derive from the consent of the governed; the abolition of primogeniture and of an hereditary privileged class based upon the absolute ownership of land; the principle that minorities have rights "which it is the duty of just governments to respect"; the rights of habeas corpus and of jury trial, due process of law, freedom of contract, equal protection of the laws, etc., etc. Has all of this brave heritage become so much pinchbeck rhetoric, meaningless to the American people? Evidently it has become meaningless to Mr. Whitaker in his mood of scornful rejection of liberalism, even as it is meaningless and dead to the despotic political machinists now governing Russia, with their awful dogma and fanaticism plotting the expurgation of the human race and the reconstruction, upon the ashes of modern civilization and the extermination of liberalism, of all government, all economic life, and all education.

It is time for liberals, and others, to face the facts, not to obscure them further by the indulgence of sympathetic fallacies. Liberalism implies a faith, first of all, in *intellectual liberty.* Such faith is spurned and repudiated, in theory and practice, by Communists in power, albeit they earnestly, if somewhat cynically, appeal to the principles of liberalism for their defense wherever liberal principles and institutions exist. To be a liberal implies furthermore

to possess a belief in, or an aspiration towards, the capacity to see, and the courage to tell, the truth. To do this may require that the observer stand somewhat apart from the blind and furious struggles of contending men and interests —*au dessus de la mêlée*—in order clearly to apprehend that truth. It involves, moreover, an obligation to correct the bitter distortions of partisanship and prejudice incident to these struggles. *Were it not for the effort to attain such objectivity of view and judgment, by the exercise of sympathetic imagination, there would be no history worth reading and, perhaps, no justice upon this earth.* If the "liberals" are "paralyzed" in a time of grave crisis and unable to act because of the hostages they have perforce given to fortune, that fact is but a part of the dark tragedy of human life, and an example of the sad tribute which virtue must occasionally pay to vice. The vision of the liberal mind is the more indispensable, as a criterion of judgment when crisis approaches, inasmuch as heroic leadership is all too frequently lacking. Of such has been the stuff of epic tragedy from the days of King Agamemnon to those of Woodrow Wilson. . . . But liberalism means even more than all this; it is more than a set of negative limitations upon tyranny: *It means a living faith in the power of persuasion and of fair ideals, and an indignant repudiation of brute force. It is not committed to the recognition of, or acquiescence in, any particular system of property-rights or privileges.* The fact that it was historically identified with the rising political power of the commercial middle classes, and served the struggling bourgeoisie as a philosophical-political weapon against feudalism, does not mean that its glorious affirmations must die with the degeneration of that class into an irresponsible proprietariat, or corrupt plutocracy. . . . *The greatest problem in the Western world is how to rescue its priceless heritage of freedoms from the menace of the automatic machine in private possession, and of mechanical thinking, culminating in the class war.* This it is which reckless radicalism does not see. Upon its solution rests the survival of democracy in the machine age.

Russia, under Bolshevism, as under Czarism, is totally without this heritage. It is blind even to the aspiration towards most of these things; and it demonstrates, in daily and hourly practice, a devastating denial and impudent repudiation of all of them. It is not too much to say that the grave of liberty—intellectual, moral, economic and corporeal—is being dug in widening trenches and lengthening shadows from the White Sea to the Black, in a land in which the individual has been totally submerged, eclipsed by merciless mental stereotypes, in the glare of the Red Star and the rising mechanisms of dreadful Collectivist militarism. *Russia is today a land of all but universal conscription, coercion, suppression and terror, in which justice is a mockery and liberty a ghost.* It is a lamentable misfortune that American radicals and lovers of justice, especially those who have never been there, persist in seeing Russia through an aureate haze of their own imaginative and wishful thinking. While it is true that the organized powers of Soviet Russia may check our plunging imperialisms by opposing force, or may conceivably bring the whole outlived, competitive and monopolistic commercial system clattering to a full stop, by a superior economic strategy manipulating a nation of serfs, that way lies no hope for peace or the freedoms of a civilized humanity. The sooner we recognize the reality of this and cease to veil the facts, the better for ourselves and for our divided world, which must learn how to cooperate in subduing its ruthless machinery to social control, or perish.

Lest Mr. Whitaker, or any other reader, should protest that the use of industrial, as well as military, conscription in the new Soviet civilization is but a temporary phenomenon incident to the period of transition from a capitalist mentality and society to a communist one, I may as well express my conviction that, once society abandons with completeness the philosophy and the practice of intellectual liberty and individual initiative in the realms of speculation and of economic endeavor, one or another kind of servitude—to the state or to some other dogmatic abstraction—is as inevitable as perdition. That way lies slavery and death. Russia proves it.

The concluding paragraphs of a recent dispatch from Mr. Henry Wales on this subject, offer a persuasively pertinent, if not a final, judgment:

"There is no indication that certain of these projects for mobilization of labor are temporary with the Soviets. On the contrary, the collectivization of the farms, the 'industrializing of the peasant,' and the draft of all trained labor into its proper accustomed grooves are permanent.

"Eventually when the classes are cut even finer, it will mean that bakers are summoned to their ovens, chauffeurs to their machines, road builders to the highways, dishwashers to the kitchens, elevator operators to the lifts, —and that for perpetuity.

"Where, then, one might ask, is the vaunted liberty and emancipation of the people proclaimed under the Russian standards?

"The answer to the Communist is simple. Such standardization will mean such increased efficiency and such a reduction of labor, through elimination of the waste and concentration on ability, that the five-day week and five-hour day will be universal. Production and consumption will balance so nicely that there will be food and clothing supplies and all other human requirements for all. There will be no incentive to slaving early and late, as everything will be provided for, and old age will be insured against.

"'That may be efficient and it may be economic, but it's not much fun, and it's certainly not liberty,' I objected.

"'Prohibition is efficient and it's economically sound, but it's not much fun and it's certainly not liberty,' was the reply of my Russian mentor."

With which observation I heartily agree. . . . In which kind of a world do we want to live? The answer will depend upon our temperament, I suspect, and on our inheritance of culture and our scale of vital values. To the liberal the answer is plain. *Life in Soviet Russia is unendurable.* It will remain so, so long as all the principles of the Liberal political decalogue are outraged.

ALAN DARE.

"Wets" Want the Saloon Back!

Editor of UNITY:

I note in your issue of May 4th the sentence, "Every 'wet' we know, or have ever heard of, concedes that the saloon must not be allowed to return."

I come upon a statement such as this every once in a while, and it indicates that the "wets" are not very successful in making themselves understood. Six years ago I received from Mencken a letter rejecting a manuscript (now a chapter in "Mammonart") and stating as follows:

"I like the Jack London chapter very much, but its onslaughts upon alcohol make it impossible for us. We are commited to the revival of the saloon, exactly as it was. America misses it, and is much the worse for lack of it. London, sober, would have written nothing worth reading. Alcohol made him."

Three days ago I received another letter from Mencken, apropos of my forthcoming novel, "The Wet Parade," dealing with liquor-drinking in America:

"I only hope that you make it clear in the book that the old-time saloon was a noble institution. However dirty a given saloon was it was always much cleaner than the general average of the houses in its neighborhood. So with the degree of order maintained in it. It was a refuge for the poor man and it did him no harm. I long and hope to see the day when it is restored precisely as it was, with the same old pictures on the wall, and the same blutwurst and Kartofel salat on the bar."

Mencken is continually making statements such as this, and has no objection to their being quoted.

Pasadena, California UPTON SINCLAIR

Purification

The highly-colored flowers burst
With fragrance everywhere;
Respiring trees throw off a gas
To purify the air;
So the thoughts of genius' mind
Shall clear the wrongs of humankind!

MELVILLE KRESS

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 242)

tions, and its utter failure to venture upon the ideal.

The long years through which men have depended upon the belligerent for personal and national defense have had a sinister effect upon the human body, in that there is today not only a native tendency in men to combat, but a corrollary spirit of hero worship. So that we are charmed and bewitched by the "killer." Hero-worship, however, can be lifted. It need not forever show itself in children through their love and admiration of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, Achilles, Ulysses, and other life-destroying types; nor need it always impel adults to bristle with the martial air, and to enthrone the soldier to the exclusion of all other types of sacrificial bravery. It can and must be elevated to a new level. But the movement to this plane must not be rash. We must not disdain the past. Hence, we cannot minimize the place of the soldier in the conservation of the values of our civilization. During the slow and tedious progress of the race from barbarism orderly governments were impossible without force. In meeting this need the soldier became a hero. And he is no less today. With the nations of the world so suspicious and envious of each other as they now are it would not be prudence to anathematize him and plead for a Confucian order in which the soldier is taboo, and dishonorable. For until men learn and practice universal brotherhood the human race will still dwell in the valley of despair, in the shadow of the arsenal.

Then, when we think of the deep altruism, lofty purposes and sacrificial contributions in aspirations, careers, and even life; and of the repression of dreams of fame, home, wife and babies that the soldier must in most cases forego for his country, we can but reverently pause before his tomb and shed a tear, for he has given much. But, if the race is to go forward a beginning should be made in that direction, and someone should take the initiative. Thus, this meeting is a noble gesture towards idealism. And though the journey towards that goal should be long and circuitous the discipline of the pilgrimage will prove a benediction to the souls of men. Even though the effort should utterly fail, the race shall be richer for the dream, for it is a pleasant, Edenic dream. But it must not fail, and with the co-operation of the intelligent, peace-loving men and women of the nation, yea, of the world, it shall not fail.

The requirements of heroism must be reversed. Wherever men and women give themselves in the creation and perpetuation of a public good there must be found in the hearts of those served a corresponding virtue that shall proclaim the deed and bless the benefactor. Alas, how different has been the story of the past. Except in war, the dead have been left to bury the dead, while the sacrificial contributions of peace-time heroes have remained unsung. Yet, where else, beyond the pale of the socially minded citizen, can we find richer examples of courage, valor and patriotism? In the achievements of the toilers of the nation we have the foundations of the state. Certainly, without their labors there could be no state for the militarists to defend. It is out of the unselfish services of humble workmen, artisans and retiring souls in general that nations, in times of peace, build their values. Without popular acclaim these servants of the common weal go about their tasks in a praiseworthy fashion, often giving both substance and life for the comfort and security of their fellowmen. Theirs is a labor of love, an unrequited love. Hence, we come this day to render belated tribute, to meditate upon their lives, and by such to gain for ourselves the rich reward of a new vision of the glories of service, and of the spirit that impels men to serve.

But what an apparent paradox that we should on this day dedicated to the memory of those who fell in war, assemble to sing the praises of heroes of peace. But there is no difference. They all supremely gave that others might live. If any difference appears it is that the world remembered one group and forgot the other. Today the forgotten are remembered. Wherefore, we pause to remember those workmen, who in the pursuit of service to their fellows were mangled in wheels of industry; the civic servants who met death in surging flames, or at maudlin hands; the men of science, who, like Nagouchi, finding no other, gave their own bodies that disease might be conquered; to the peace-time martyrs everywhere, of all time do we bow. And last, but in no way least, we exult in the memories of those mothers who stepping down by the chilly waters of death to repeople the world were unable to hold to the brickly cord of life. It is with mingled emotions of love and admiration that we extol the deeds of these benefactors of mankind. Indeed, we salute them all! But hush; attune your psychic ears. Do you not hear them speak? "We are the dead who marched to our graves without the song and applause of the maddening crowd. We are the dead who died far away from the battle line; we are the dead who point the way to peace, prosperity and life. And today we bid you hear us, and let the way of peace and universal love be the way of your hearts."

Then,
"Chisel no marble monuments
For the youths who defend your land.
Cheap wooden crosses will serve as well,
Till the whole world understands."

Ritual at each grave, conducted by Mrs. Frederick W. Hinkle, of the Cincinnati Catholic Women's Association.

Reading of the Year's Memorial List, by Miss Josephine Streit, of the Vocational Bureau, Cincinnati Public Schools.

Original Poem, by Mr. William S. Wabnitz, of the Ohio Valley Poetry Society.

The Unfinished World

We lay the fallen warrior beside the peaceful dead
And sun and rain and life-eternal seed
Drop to the harp and touch of endless need
And equally upon the two are shed.

And soon for him that built and died, and him that fought and fell
Equal and sole memorials arise—
The same green surge and blossom to the skies—
Save for the songs we sing and tales we tell.

This song is of the peaceful dead: explorer, miner, nurse,
Physician, worker: they who, passing, mark
The infinite struggle upward from the dark
As hopeful still when life is most perverse.

So now for these let flowers be cast, and banners hang unfurled,
They are the sun and rain and seed of an unfinished world.

Benediction by Rev. Louis Hoeck.
Professor George A. Hedger, President of the Society presided.

"To Smoke or Not to Smoke"

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